Emelie Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, AUGUST 16, 1873. NO. 16.

For the Myrtle.

After-Wisdom.

[We receive these wise and witty lines from Rev. G. L. Demarest; whether from his own pen or not he gives us no token.]

A swallow, seeking where to lay its head,
And where its little fledglings might be bred,
Had built its curious nest beneath the eaves
Of an old farm-house, where the cruel thieves
Who little birds torment, their homes destroy,
And steal their eggs, might never more annoy.
One day, the nest's frail weight, O mournful sound,
Broke down the feeble wood-work to the ground;
The labor of the parent-birds was void—
The instinctive hope of motherhood destroyed.
And now the hour when fellow-birds' distress
Might challenge sympathy and kindliness,
And test the charity so richly blest,
Which freely flows in every pious breast.
The barn-yard poultry and a sparrow pert
Were witness of our hapless swallows' hurt,
And forthwith uttered each his comment wise
Upon the matter thus before his eyes.
The sparrow first, "I knew 'twould fall;
When last I was upon the roof, to all
'T was plain the nest was in a place too frail
To hope it might endure the gentlest gale."
A goose: "Th—th! how stupid thus to dare
To build a nest so high up in the air!"
"Qua! qua!" a duck said; "had she come to me
I would have taught her how more wise to be:
And so to lay her eggs in careful plight
That they might not be smashed to ruin quite."
"Clk! clk!" a hen said: "so could I have told
Her how to hatch them; to say this I'm bold,
Because, good neighbor duck, as well you know,
I have hatched yours, and may again do so."
A turkey, strutting round, with accent rough,
And feathers proudly spread in many a puff,
Cried "Gobble! gobble! Fools if people choose
To be, the consequence they can't refuse."
The patient swallow, of such words at last
Impatient, said, her eyes around her cast,
"My friends, I thank you for the interest kind
You take in my affairs, but feel inclined
To say, with all respect and courtesy due,
If thus unwise my building seemed to you,
And you were sure my house was going to fall,
With such misfortune grievous to us all,
How great the pity you not sooner gave
Us all the profit of your wisdom grave!"
So when results of ill have shown mistake,
And things are done, what bustle people make,
With grave comment! "I could have told you so;
If you had asked for my advice, I know
I'd have advised you better." But, indeed,
When wisdom might be kind, and we might heed
Its word with use, we never hear the sound,
When not of use, our Solomons abound.

For the Myrtle.

Celebrating the Fourth of July.

CHAPTER IV.

O Henry and Peter it seemed a long time from sunrise till sunset, on the second and third days of July.

I make no doubt that many of you children, who read this story, will know very well how to sympathize with them. You will remember, that to you, there seemed more hours on those days, than any other days of your lives.

But they passed away at last to you, as they did to Henry and Peter, and the morning of the Fourth was welcomed.—Perhaps not quite in the same way by you all. For these boys in the country had not the sources of excitement, that kept the boys of the town and city busy that morning.

There were no church bells to ring, nor cannons to be fired, nor crowds of play-fellows to help stir the air with their shouts of rejoicing at the farm.

But Henry and Peter contrived to make a good deal of noise, after all.

They got the big dinner bell, and the tea bell, and the tin dinner horn, and the conch-shell which was sometimes used to call the men from their work, and a string of sleigh bell, from the barn, and with these they undertoook to waken the household to welcome the coming day.

They were out of bed before the birds were out of their nests that morning, and creeping down stairs softly, they hurried away to the barn to get the horns, and bells which they had gathered together the night before.

No one was awake about the premises but themselves, and this suited them well. They wanted to wake all the household, by a sudden and terrible noise.

"I wish we could manage" said Peter, "to blow the horns and ring the bells at the same time."

"We can" said Henry.

"How? we have only one pair of hands, and I don't see how they can hold the horns, and ring the bells too."

"I can contrive a way. Come with me."

Peter was very willing to follow, and Henry led the way round the house to where there was a great quantity of wood piled.

"Here," said he "we can lay the horn and conch shell on the wood, and then we can blow them, and have our hands free to ring the bells."

Henry succeeded very well with his part of this project, as he had the shell, and the weight of it kept it steady. But the tin horn was too light to keep still, and it kept jumping about in a way to try Peter's patience seriously.

"Pray don't get angry with it," said Henry as Peter began to lose his temper.

"How can I help it? It's dreadfully trying, to have this bobbing about in this way."

"I know it" said Henry. "But it would be a poor way to have pleasure, to get angry over our playthings."

"Well, What can I do?"

"Try, and see if you can't make it fast by pushing it in between the logs."

Peter thought this was a bright idea, and seizing the horn, he gave it a tremendous push into a crevice between the logs—when lo! more noise came of it than the boys had ever dreamed of making.

One of the logs which Peter was pushing, started from its place, and began to roll, this started the whole pile which came down with a crash.

At this the boys shouted and laughed, and and nightcaps popped out of the windows, all over the house to see what had happened.

"It's only Fourth of July coming,' said Peter.

And Henry said, "don't scold Patrick. We boys will pile the logs all up again so that you will have no trouble about it."

This they proceeded to do. And though it was not just the plan they had made for the morning sport, yet they worked merrily, and had a fine time with it.

Their hearts were so merry, that it made little difference what their hands were doing.

All joy and sorrow is determined more by what is within, than what is without us.

Henry said, "I don't see why this is'nt just as good a way of spending Fourth of July morning as any other."

"I think it is," Peter replied. "I guess the logs knew what they were about. It is Independence Day and they wanted to show us that they could be independent, as well as the rest of the world."

While the logs were being returned to their places, the morning hours slipped away, and the work was done, just as Bridget came to call them to breakfast.

When breakfast was over there were morning chores to do and it was nearly ten o'clock before the boys were ready to enjoy their fire-crackers.

When they did at last get round to them, and had opened one of the papers, and fired one or two, Peter said:

"Let's get an old tin pail and put them all into it, and fire them all at once. I think there would be a great deal more fun in that, than in taking them one at a time in this little fizzing way."

"Is that the way you intend to manage all through life?" Henry asked.

"Yes. It is just the way I intent to manage. I don't mean to spend my strength with little fizzles. I'll get all my forces together, and some time I'll surprise everybody by making a great noise in the world all at once."

"Be sure that you don't, by neglecting the small opportunities, lose all, and at last do nothing."

"That's not what I intend. It will be like these fire-crackers—many littles making at last one very large."

"But life is not quite like Fourth of July. Good deeds do not explode, and vanish, quite like fire-crackers."

"Well don't let's stop to discuss that now. I want the fun of hearing these go off."

"Wouldn't you rather wait until dinner time, and then we can put them in the pail close under the dining-room window, and light them with a slow match, and we shall surprise the family more with that noise, than we did when the wood fell this morning."

This plan pleased Peter, and the boys carried it out so adroitly, that they astonished the family immensely when amid the quiet of the table conversation, came suddenly this immense popping, and snapping and cracking which shook the glass of the windows, and made the dishes rattle on the table.

Patrick cried out that there was an earthquake, and all the family sprang to their feet to, see what was the matter.

The boys were well satisfied with their experiment, and the dinner passed merrily after the clatter of the exploding crackers was over.

In the afternoon Henry and Peter went with their father into town for a few hours, where a grent many people gathered, and speeches were made by men who had Fourth of July in their hearts, and on their tongues. But the boys were not old enough to understand and enjoy these orations. And I suppose you would not if I could repeat them; so I pass them, and the music, which was really very fine, and full of patriotism, but it can not be repeated by these tame words.

The boys were not sorry when the afternoon was done, and they were out of the bustling crowd once more. They were glad to get home, and, if they would have confessed it, both of them tired enough to have gone straight to bed, But then there were the fire-works to enjoy and Henry said, "Fourth of July don't come but once a year, and we must make the most of it."

So, like a great many older people, they took more than their fill of pleasure and became miserable in their attempt to be exceedingly happy.

Henry had head ache, and Peter was oh, so sleepy, but both stretched their eyes open, and tried to be glad for the fire-works.

Their father was very skillful in the management of them, and both the boys forgot their weariness for a time, when the wheels and rockets got in motion.

As they had never seen anything of the kind before, it was a great treat to them and Peter said: "I believe the world has turned into a fairy-world and we shall be wafted away with all these bright and beautiful things."

"I don't see why we should wish to be watted away," said Henry, "For my part, I should rather these should last forever, and we all enjoy them here."

But the beautiful sight could not last forever, and the wish to have it last vanished, and the boys vanished away into dreamland and when they awoke again the Fourth of July too was among the vanished things.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce.

Harry's Sermon.

"EDDIE," said Harry, "let us go to church, and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon."

"Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples."

So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. He set an old fire-screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began: "My text is a very short and easy one: 'Be kind.'"

"First, be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has the headache. I don't believe you know what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

"Secondly, be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, 'It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

"Thirdly, be kind to baby."

"You have leaved out, 'Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry; "I didn't mean to mention my name in my sermon. I was saying, Be kind to little Minnie, and let her have your red soldier to play with when she wants it.

"Fourthly, be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you."

Here Eddie looked a ashamed and said. "But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"Fifthly, be kind to Kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry."

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;" and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began to sing, and so Harry had to stop; but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?

For the Myrtle.

A Fairy Story.

The listening leaves and babbling brooks
Heard all they had to say,—
Uncle who came from his world of books,
And neice from her world of play.

He told a tale of the fairies small,
And a wizard old and sly,
And how he snared and enchanted all,
Who listened as they passed by.

But if ever a fairy laughed out bold,
Then spite of all he could do,
He forgot his arts and his witchcraft old,
And he was a fairy too.

The leaves and the brooklets listening by
They read the fable well,
For they saw the charmer old and sly
And the fairy under the spell.

But the fairy laughed a laugh of glee
When the wondrous tale was through,
"The wizard looked, I think, like me,
And you make him a child like you."

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Shells and Mosses.

ROBERT and Nannie Gray had their summer at the seashore like many other children who had more money to spend, and to whom a summer trip was not so great a luxury. The way it happened was this. They had an aunt who took a cottage there every summer and had it full of boarders, that she took care of; and she invited the children to come and spend their vacation with her.

She meant to give them a good long play. But they were not children to spend long weeks in nothing but play. Very early they had learned that question so many children have to learn, "What shall we do to earn money?"

To earn money and help mother, was one of the first thoughts of their lives. So they had not been at the shore many days before asking their aunt what they could do to earn something.

Robert had thought before he went that he could catch fish for the markets. But he found that what he could catch from the shore was worth little in money, much as he enjoyed the fun. And to hire a boat and tackle was as much as the fish would be worth.

But their aunt entered heartily into their little schemes, and said she would teach them things to do with shells and mosses that would bring more money than anything else.

So every afternoon she got two or three hours to spend with them, teaching them the pretty arts she knew about these things.

In the morning they went down to the shore and picked up fine shells on the beach, and fished delicate mosses out of the little caves among the rocks. They got all they could use, in a little time, and half the morning for play besides.

Their aunt got frames, boxes, brackets and the like, made of thin board, for a few pennies apiece; and these she taught the children to cover with shells in pretty ornamental designs. Nannie was a little witch at this work, and soon surpassed her teacher in the prettiness and gracefulness of the things she made. In some of the frames, they put little shell baskets filled with prepared mosses, such as you have seen hanging

in chambers as souvenirs of the sea. When these and the brackets were fitted to each other they made as pretty an ornament for a chamber or cottage parlor as could be imagined.

There was a fancy goods store at the cove, where many articles like these were kept for sale, and visitors to the shore bought them to take home as mementoes of the sea-side. There Robert and Nannie had a market for all they could make.

But the boarders at the house soon took an interest in their pretty work and bought it nearly all. They paid the same price they would have paid at the store; which was, of course, much more than the store would have paid Nannie and Robert; so they were great gainers by reaching the customers at first hand.

But their prettiest work was with mosses. These they brought home in pans, floating in the sea-water. Some of these were delicate as hairs and others were almost transparent, and brittle as glass when dry, like that gluey moss of which blanc-mange is made. They had large cards of bristol-board or fine drawing-paper that would bear wetting, and these they slipped under the floating moss in the water and caught it upon them, all floated out thin as it was, as nearly in the shape and place they wanted for a "specimen" as they could. Then with a pin or the point of a pen-knife they put each fiber into perfect place. In the more delicate kinds it would

take two or three hours to do this perfectly; but the specimen would be beautiful enough when done to repay all the trouble. Then they left them to dry slowly. There was gelatine enough in the moss or the sea-water to make them adhere as firmly to the paper as if they had been painted on. And the finest water-color pictures could not be prettier than some of these mosses with their exquisite colors and the feathery fineness of their fibers. Perfect little ferns, almost scarlet in color, brown rootlets fine as floss, tufts of thread-like grasses green and shining as emerald, and little transparent plants white and fine as flax—these were some of the strange vegetables whose like never grows on land.

Robert and Nannie made their cards, when done, into packages of a dozen to fifty each, of different varieties. They separated the nicer and the more common specimens; and the best of their work was really very rare and valuable. The cards could be kept in portfolios or put in scrap-books, or in albums made for that purpose as the buyers preferred.

A gentleman who was a famous naturalist was staying at the house, and he watched this work with great interest, and helped them find some of the choicest specimens. He had his first choice of their cards when done, and paid them an excellent price.

When the summer was done he had reserved a hundred beautiful specimens and had them in a handsome album, each specimen with its long botanical name written under it. Robert and Nannie could hardly believe their eyes when he showed them this handsome book, and told them they had made it all themselves.

They kept all this a secret from their mother, until they went home in the fall with the money they had earned. And they had not only had a splendid time doing it, but they had learned a pretty trade that could bring them much money and more happiness in after years. *H. A. B.*

"Joseph was not spoiled by either his father's love, the prejudice of his brethren, or his wonderful dreams; not cast down by being sold into Egypt; willing to do good even in his prison; not lifted up with pride when raised next to the king in honor and power; not filled with revenge when he had his brethren fully in his power.

"H was a lovely boy, a faithful man, and an honored patriarch. His life and character are full of lesson. Study and apply them day by day."

The Prattler's Guide.

Lean on my arm, dear Grandpapa,
You're old and weak, and blind;
You're feeble steps too weary grow,
And tax your weary mind.
Along the rugged path there lie
Dangers that you could ne'er descry,
But you may on my care rely
The safer way to find;
Lean on my arm, dear Grandpapa,
You're old, and weak, and blind.

I'll not forget, dear Grandpapa,
The love you've shown for me:
How oft I've slept upon your lap
And trotted on your knee;
How oft I've heard your charming tales
Of wandering through the hills and vales,
Of tossing ships and dangerous gales,
And perils of the sea;—
Lean on my arm, dear Grandpapa,
Your faithful guide I'll be.

Your love for me, dear Grandpapa,
Grows not less with years,
For sorrow oft your heart has known,
And streamed your eyes with tears,
O'er dear ones you have laid beneath
The grassy canopy of death,
In snow-white shroud and fragrant wreath,—
As well your memory bears:—
So lean on me, dear Grandpapa,
And love shall quell your fears.

Now, here's the bridge, dear Grandpapa,
That spans the mountain stream;
Keep close to me, and do not let
My aid too childish seem;
Keep close and closer to my side,
We'll safely cross this fissure wide,
Thro' which the murmuring waters glide,
And sparkle in the gleam
Of crimson clouds, dear Grandpapa,
Reflecting sunset beams.

There—now we've crossed, dear Grandpapa,
And here's our pleasant cot,
Where peace and love alone shall rule,
And strife shall enter not.
So, as my hand my heart obeys,
May I, to guide your feeble ways,
Through the brief remnant of your days,
This hand and heart devote—
To lead you, dearest Grandpapa,
And cheer your lonely lot.

And One there is, dear Grandpapa,—
You've known him long and well,—
Who loves you more than I can love,
And more than tongue can tell:
And when you cross the waters drear,
His strong right arm will still be near,
Your tottering, struggling steps to cheer
And all your fears to quell,—
To guide you home, dear Grandpapa,
In joy, for aye, to dwell.

"When I am a man," is the poetry of childhood. "When I was a child," is the poetry of age.

Our Sunday Schools.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

—The Sunday School in Weare, N. H., gave a concert Sunday evening June 15th in commemoration of its seventh anniversary. The exercises consisted in reading reports, presentation of books for punctual attendance, recitations, singing and etc. One piece, "The Alphabet" arranged from the Scriptures, which was finely rendered by twenty-six of the smallest scholars, and "Rainbow" by seven young ladies, elicited particular remark All present enjoyed the occasion. The average attendance during the year just ended has been eighty and one-third. Eight members have been present every Sunday Seven have been absent but one Sunday. The superintendent has not been absent for more than three years. Frankie Simons, now six and a half years of age, has been present every Sunday since he was three. The library, numbering six hundred and fifty-four volumes, is in good condition. During the past year the inside of our "Sabbath Home" has been painted, fresco paper has been placed upon the walls, the aisles and platform carpeted, the old cumbersome desk has been removed and in its place may be seen an altar, sofa and chairs. Our School has never had a summer or winter vacation The officers for the ensuing year are G O. Ballou Esq., Superintendent, George Simons and Fred Rogers Librarians, Miss Lydia A. Dow, Treasurer, and Mrs. Loretta Foster, Secretary.

CONNECTICUT.

—Our Sunday School in Hartford enjoyed its annual picnic this year at Tariffville, on the Farmington River, about twelve miles from Hartford. About eight hundred went up from that city, and were joined in the grove by the Sunday School from Granby. After paying expenses, the Sunday School was $100 richer in money.

—The Sabbath School of the New Haven church held its annual picnic at Railroad Grove, near Sarin Rock, on the 8th of July, and had a very enjoyable time. The pastor and Rev. A Norwood of Meridon, with others, addressed the School while gathered

"Beneath the greenwood shade."

The semi-annual report of the School was made the next Sunday by Miss Miles, the Assist. Supt. and it was seen that one hundred and seventy one are enrolled as members. Since this year commenced, the School has known unaxampled prosperity.

NEW YORK.

—The return of the Buffalo pastor, Rev. L. J. Fletcher, from the Holy Land, was made an occasion of festal rejoicing by his church and Sunday School. The vestry was profusely decorated with flowers, the word "Welcome" wrought in buds and blossoms over the altar. Ministers of other churches in the city were present and joined in the addresses of welcome and the prayers of thanksgiving for the pastor's safe return The choir welcomed him with "Home Again" and other sweet songs, and a feast of good cheer followed. A few days later the Sunday School had its annual excursion, the party numbering seven hundred. The place was a famous pic-nic resort—Silver Lake in Perry Co.—where a quiet and happy day was spent.

PENNSYLVANIA.

—The pastor at Tidioute writes of a strawberry and floral festival held June 27th, that netted the comfortable sum of $200. "A pleasing feature of the festival" he says, "was that each Sunday School scholar, more than seven y in number, was presented with a free ticket, and handsomely treated to strawberries, cake, and ice-cream. As a reward, the children treated us to a concert the Sunday evening following, which was well received and spoken of by the local press. A generous collection for the School testified to the interest of the audience."

—Orders for the MYRTLE and Sunday School books from Susquehanna Depot, Pa, confirm the report of prosperity in our church there. A recent festival cleared $200. Rev. J. H. Campbell is the pastor.

INDIANA.

—A correspondent from Smithson College to the *Leader* says, "Everybody in Indiana or elsewhere who reads this is hereby appointed a committee to send one good book, or more, to Smithson Library." We send the good word on. Miss Lizzie Smelser of Richmond has just sent a box of valuable books.

—At Woodville, our Society has been revived by the labors of Br. T. E. Ballard, of Smithson College, who has recently been licensed to preach. A Sunday School has been organized, and a beautiful and excellent organ, the gift of a few generous spirits, placed in the church.

OHIO.

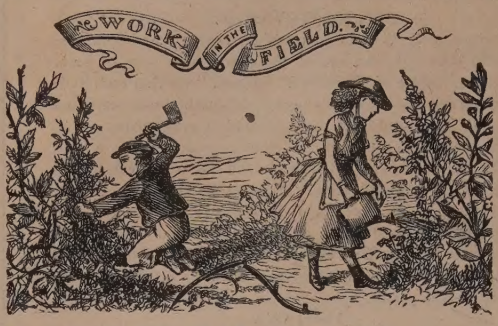
—We fully credit the report that we have a flourishing Sunday School at Clyde, Ohio, inasmuch as it takes a large number of MYRTLES, and means to keep on doing so.

IOWA.

—A feature of the concert given in connection with Children's Sunday at Manchester Iowa, deserves special mention. We believe they have hit upon the secret of the real value of the concert, make it a review of the regular instruction of the School. Make it a part of the main object, not one of the "side shows"! We thank Mrs. Wood for giving a lesson to all our Schools. "After the usual responsive services the time was occupied by black board illustrations of events in the lives of the Patriarchs, accompanied with appropriate recitations, interpersed with inspiring singing by the children. There were twelve of those "Illustrations," and they were witnessed with eager interest by all present. At the close a Methodist brother congratulated the pastor and his wife upon the success of the entertainment, saying that he felt like shouting all the time. Another person, somewhat skeptical, said he had nothing against such presentations of the teachings of the Bible, pronouncing them the "best and most impressive preaching" he had ever heard Many others, especially the Superintendents of the other Schools in the city are unannimous in their commendations of this entertainment, which they pronounce to be the finest affair in moral tone and execution ever presented in the city. While the pastor worked faithfully, it is but just to say that most of the credit of the success belongs to Mrs. Wood, the Superintendent of the School, and the ladies associated with her."

Sunday School Meeting.

Arrangements are nearly completed for holding a large Sunday School Teachers' Institute, at the Bleecker Street Church, in New York city, the 1st and 2d days of October next. Rev. H R. Nye of Brooklyn, Rev. B. F. Bowles of Philadelphia, Rev. G. W. Bicknell of Portland, Me, Rev. E. Fisher, D, D., of Canton, Mrs. C. A. Soule of New York, Rev. J. W. Keyes of Auburn, Rev. M. R. Leonard of Waltham, Mass., Rev. A. B. Hervey of Troy, Rev. L. L. Briggs of Boston, Rev. E. C. Bolles of Salem, the resident clergymen of New York, and others, have already agreed to be present and take part in the Institute. A full programme of the meeting will be given in all the papers, as soon as all particulars are arranged.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXII.—JAMES THE SON OF ALPHEUS.

NOTE. Of the life and character of this apostle we have no account until after Christ's resurrection.

Question. — Which of the apostles is especially mentioned of having seen Christ very soon after his resurrection?

Answer. — 1 Cor. xv. 7.

Q. — Which two of the twelve apostles did Paul see on his first visit to Jerusalem, after he became a christian?

A. — Gal. i. 18, 19.

Q. — Who introduced Paul to these apostles.

A. — Acts ix. 27.

Q. — After Peter's escape from prison, whom did he wish to have informed of his release?

A. — Acts xii. 17.

Q. — Who presided at the first council of christians?

A. — Acts xv. 13.

NOTE. The question this first christian council was called to decide was, if Gentiles can share the promises and stand equal with Jews in the sight of God, without keeping Jewish ceremonies. The decision was, that all differences between Jews and Gentiles were abolished by Christ, and that observance of Jewish rites was not necessary.

These few facts we have of this apostle James, show us that he held a high place in the regards of the followers of Christ, and that he exercised great influence in all the affairs of the church. During all the years of which we have no record, he had been busy doing his Master's work; and that he attained to the leading position among the believers in Jerusalem, shows that he had, by his faithfulness, gained the confidence and respect of his brethren.

Bible Questions.

Over whom are the eyes of the Lord? What is said of his ears? What of his face?

What is enmity with God? What else?

Who speaketh evil of the law?

When will the Lord lift us up?

What is said if any man suffer as a Christian?

Hidden Seed

Enigma. No. 1.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 23, 34, 32 28, 54, 29 is a grandson of Noah.

My 19, 31, 21, 52, 10 is a Bible proper name signifying princess.

My 41, 25, 18, 24, 39 is essential to Christian character.

My 43, 28, 23, 37, 16, 55 is a daughter's name who stole her father's images.

My 6, 12, 14, 2, 36, 47 is a boy's name.

My 50, 8, 22, 11, 51, 27 is one of the sons of Jacob.

My 31, 1, 15, 44, 27, 23, 5, 7, 53, 36, 49, 30 is the signification of a name given to one of the Patriarchs.

My 1, 52, 35, 56 is one of the Apostles.

My 48, 34, 3, 20, 33, 13, 22, 55, 32, 47, 40, 19 if continued until death has the promise of a crown of life.

My 26, 17, 4 is not even.

My 46, 42, 9, 38, 51, 15 is not sweet.

My 45 is the initial letters of one who knew the scripture from his childhood.

My whole may be found in Proverbs.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 2, 41, 26, 31 name of a tree in the garden of Eden.

My 6, 20, 53, 40 name of a well signifying contention.

My 1, 31, 11, 49, 39, 2 signifies house of God.

My 40, 19, 32, 48, 3 is used in offering sacrifice.

My 1, 13, 50, 9, 30 1, 51 signifies well of an oath.

My 4, 8, 52, 31, 49 is a valley called Kingsdale.

My 17, 39, 12, 15, 1, 45, 29, 38 name of a well signifying room.

My 27, 14, 49, 18, 28 a son of Joktan.

My 3, 21, 38, 33, 47, 54 Abraham bought a field of

My 2, 8, 12, 51, 22, 9, 16, 32 signifies the Lord lives and sees.

My 34, 22, 7, 44, 35, 46 a val'ey full of slime pits.

My 5, 24, 25, 42, 51, 12 a well signifying hatred.

My 43, 10, 19, 53, 41, 20 is a book in the Old Testament.

My whole is a blessing pronounced by Christ on a certain class.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

Ten or more copies sent in one package, *without names*, to one address, **50** cents each per year.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

The printed date upon each wrapper will show each subscriber how the account stands, and none need expect it continued beyond the term paid for.

In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

Address "Universalist Publishing House,"
37 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.